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"THE DOORS OF OUR INTERNATIONAL *X-CORPORATION* OFFICES ARE NOW OPEN. CONSIDER US A WORLDWIDE REFUGE IN TIMES OF TROUBLE.

new WORLDS

"SIMPLY THINK OF THE EMERGENCY 'X'-- YOU'LL REGISTER ON OUR CEREBRA MACHINE.

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"AND TRAINED *X-MEN* WILL BE ON HAND TO HELP YOU."

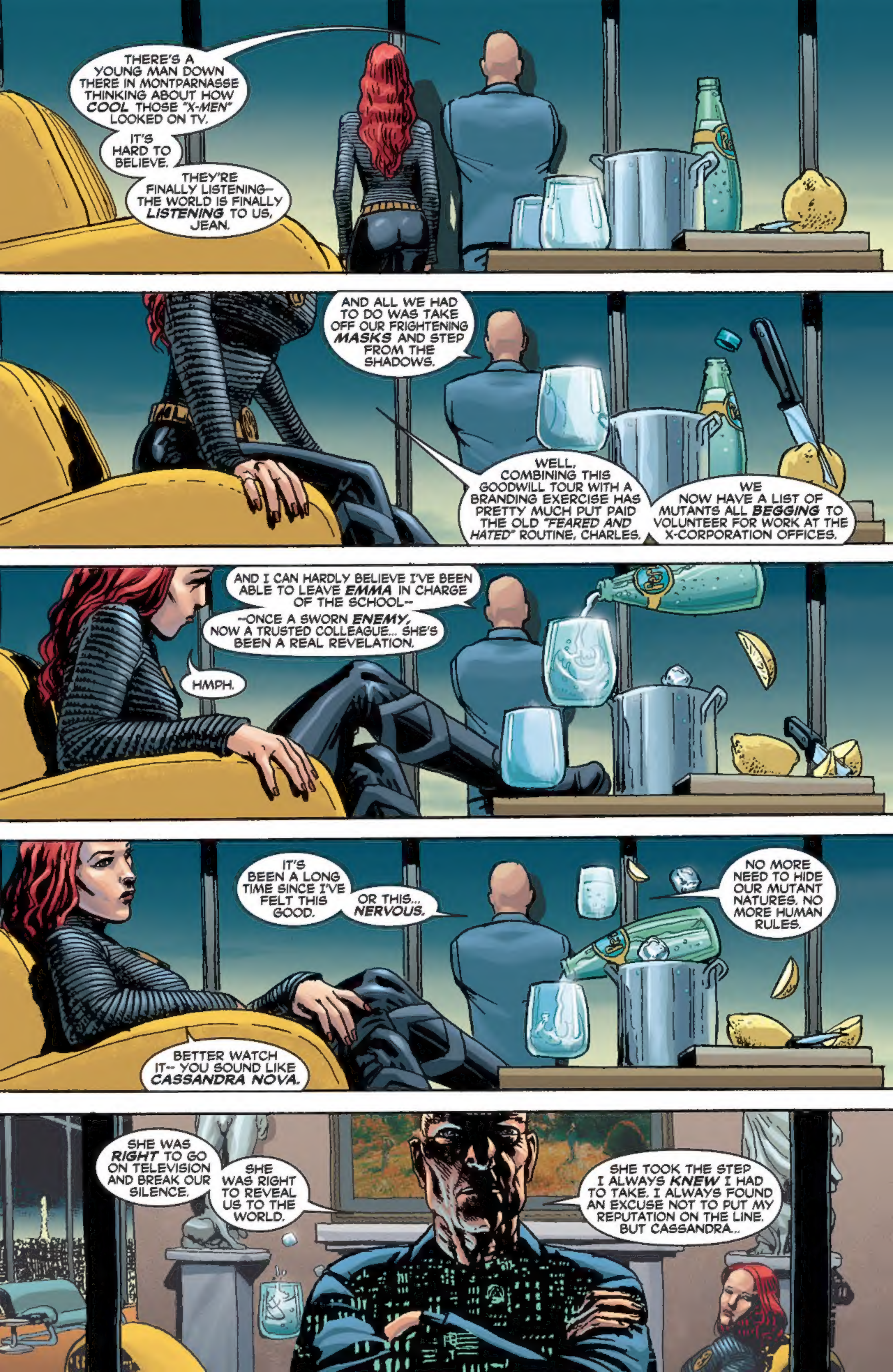
WELL DONE, GUYS.
FROM THE ASHES OF THE *X-CORPS* DEBACLE WE'RE MAKING A PUBLIC RELATIONS COMEBACK.
RA RA RA FOR THE MUTANT TEAM.
WELL, AFTER THAT WHOLE HITLER YOUTH MESS THOSE GUYS GOT INTO...
AYE, WELL, SEE THAT STUPID *DAD* OF MINE FOR STARTING IT ALL, RICTOR, OLD SON.
I'M HERE TO ATONE FOR HIS SINS.

JAMIE, YOU DON'T *FEEL* WELL.
YOU'D THINK BEING THE *MULTIPLE MAN*, I COULD DIVVY UP MY HANGOVER AMONG ALL MY CLONES.
NO SUCH #@%!&*$, DONALD!
WE ALL HAVE THE *SAME* HEADACHE.
THE SAME BRUTAL HAMMER MULTIPLIED A *DOZEN TIMES*.
WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO HAVE AN EMERGENCY MISSION THE DAY *AFTER* WE ALL GO MENTAL ON THE DANCE FLOOR?
SO, WHAT'S THE GIG, JEAN, HEN?
I *KNOW* THIS ONE– A TRAIN WRECK IN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL LEFT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PASSENGERS AND THIRTY ASYLUM-SEEKERS TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE.
TEACHER'S PET, EH, MONET?
THE PROFESSOR'S CONTACT IN *LONDON* MENTIONED A POTENTIAL GENE-HAZARD ON THE TRAIN, WHICH IS WHY *X-CORPORATION EUROPE* GOT THE CALL.
"GENE-HAZARD" MEANING...?

I WOULDN'T MIND DITCHING *"DARKSTAR"*.

I'LL STICK WITH JUST *MONET*, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

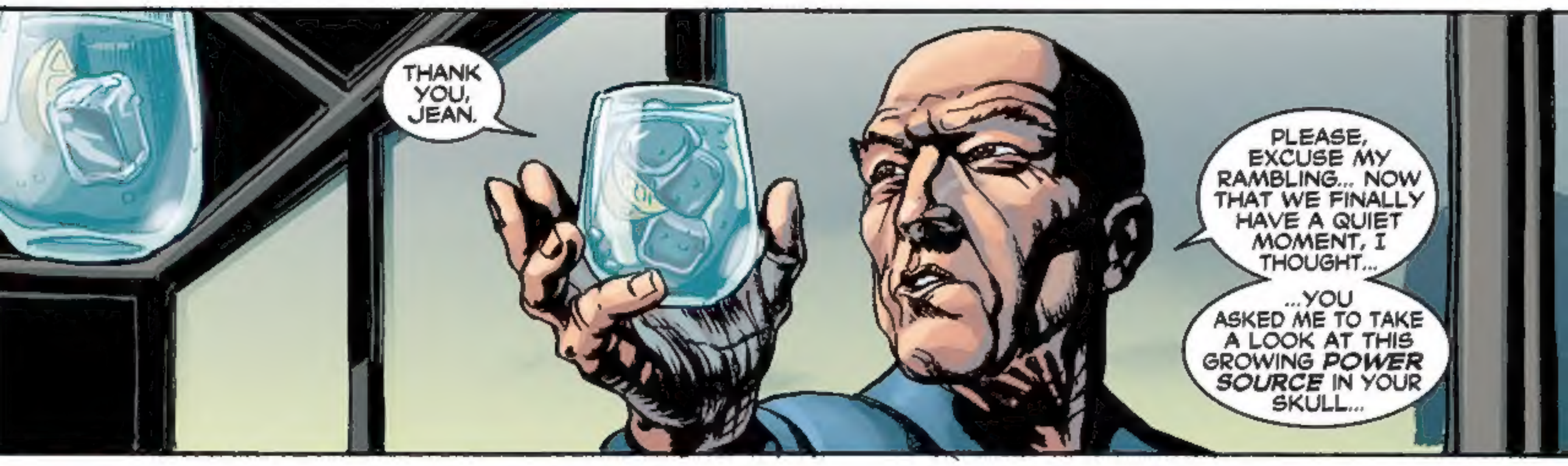
I WAS BULLIED AT SCHOOL.


THERE'S A YOUNG MAN DOWN THERE IN MONTPARNASSE THINKING ABOUT HOW COOL THOSE "X-MEN" LOOKED ON TV.
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.
THEY'RE FINALLY LISTENING— THE WORLD IS FINALLY LISTENING TO US, JEAN.
AND ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TAKE OFF OUR FRIGHTENING MASKS AND STEP FROM THE SHADOWS.
WELL, COMBINING THIS GOODWILL TOUR WITH A BRANDING EXERCISE HAS PRETTY MUCH PUT PAID THE OLD "FEARED AND HATED" ROUTINE, CHARLES.
WE NOW HAVE A LIST OF MUTANTS ALL BEGGING TO VOLUNTEER FOR WORK AT THE X-CORPORATION OFFICES.
AND I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE EMMA IN CHARGE OF THE SCHOOL--
--ONCE A SWORN ENEMY, NOW A TRUSTED COLLEAGUE... SHE'S BEEN A REAL REVELATION.
HMPH.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE FELT THIS GOOD.
OR THIS... NERVOUS.
NO MORE NEED TO HIDE OUR MUTANT NATURES. NO MORE HUMAN RULES.
BETTER WATCH IT-- YOU SOUND LIKE CASSANDRA NOVA.
SHE WAS RIGHT TO GO ON TELEVISION AND BREAK OUR SILENCE.
SHE WAS RIGHT TO REVEAL US TO THE WORLD.
SHE TOOK THE STEP I ALWAYS KNEW I HAD TO TAKE. I ALWAYS FOUND AN EXCUSE NOT TO PUT MY REPUTATION ON THE LINE. BUT CASSANDRA...

IN TRYING TO DO EVIL--
--IN TRYING TO EXPOSE MUTANTS TO THEIR ENEMIES, SHE FREED US FROM A SELF-IMPOSED EXILE.

I SEE HER NOW AS AN AGENT OF NATURE, TESTING ITS OWN BOUNDARIES, FORCING CHANGE INTO STALEMATED SYSTEMS.
AND YET... SIXTEEN MILLION MUTANTS HAD TO DIE TO PROVE A POINT TO HUMANITY.
I CAN'T HELP WONDERING...

...I WONDER IF WE HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER OUR DESTINIES, OR IF WE ARE JUST BIOMASS MANIPULATED BY AN INTELLIGENT EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS ITSELF.
OH.
MINERAL WATER.


THANK YOU, JEAN.
PLEASE, EXCUSE MY RAMBLING... NOW THAT WE FINALLY HAVE A QUIET MOMENT, I THOUGHT...
...YOU ASKED ME TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GROWING POWER SOURCE IN YOUR SKULL...

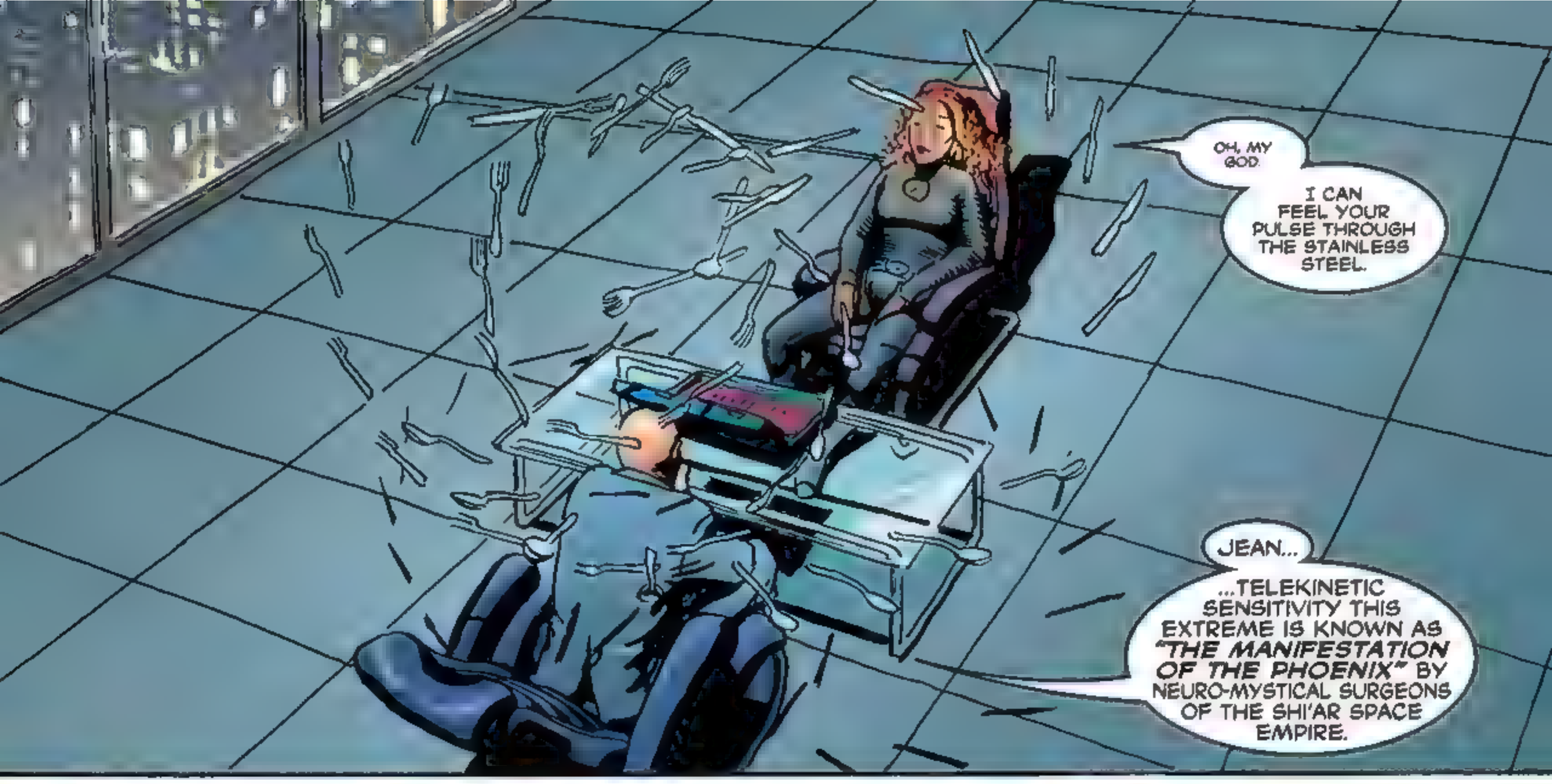
WELL, EVERYBODY AT THE SCHOOL SEEMS TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT MY EXPANDING TELEKINETIC SENSES.
BASICALLY, I NEED YOU TO TELL SCOTT I'M NOT TURNING EVIL, CHARLES.

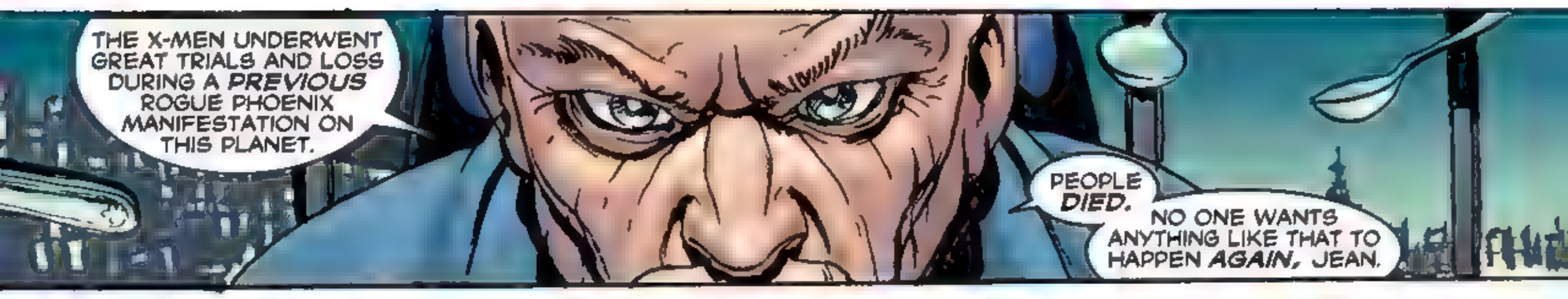
HE WENT THIS WAY!
I SAW HIM! I'M NOT STUPID!
NOBODY SAID YOU WERE STUPID EXCEPT THE TARGET!
LOOK, MAYBE HE'S GONE AND WE CAN ALL JUST GO HOME AND WATCH THE EUROPEAN CUP FINAL.

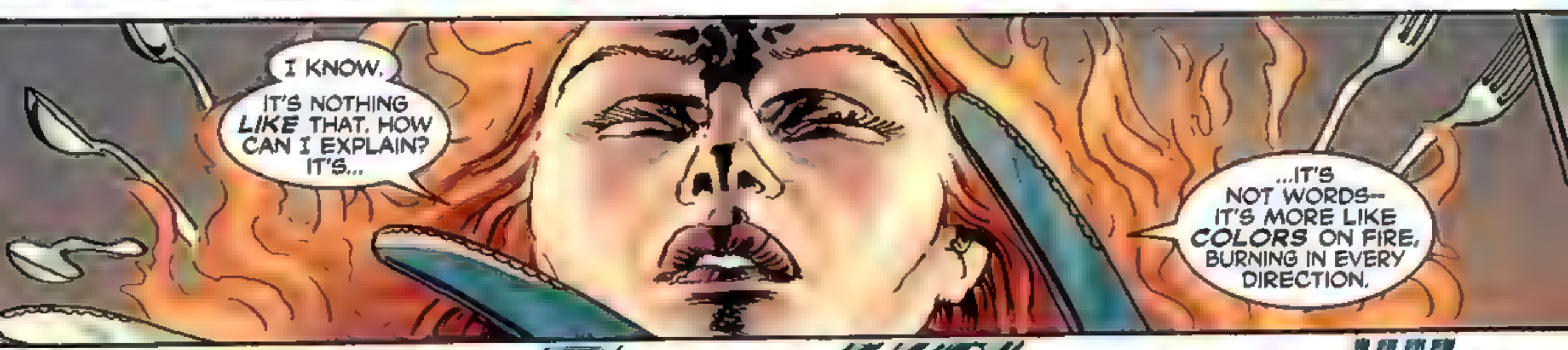
NO CUP FINAL TODAY.

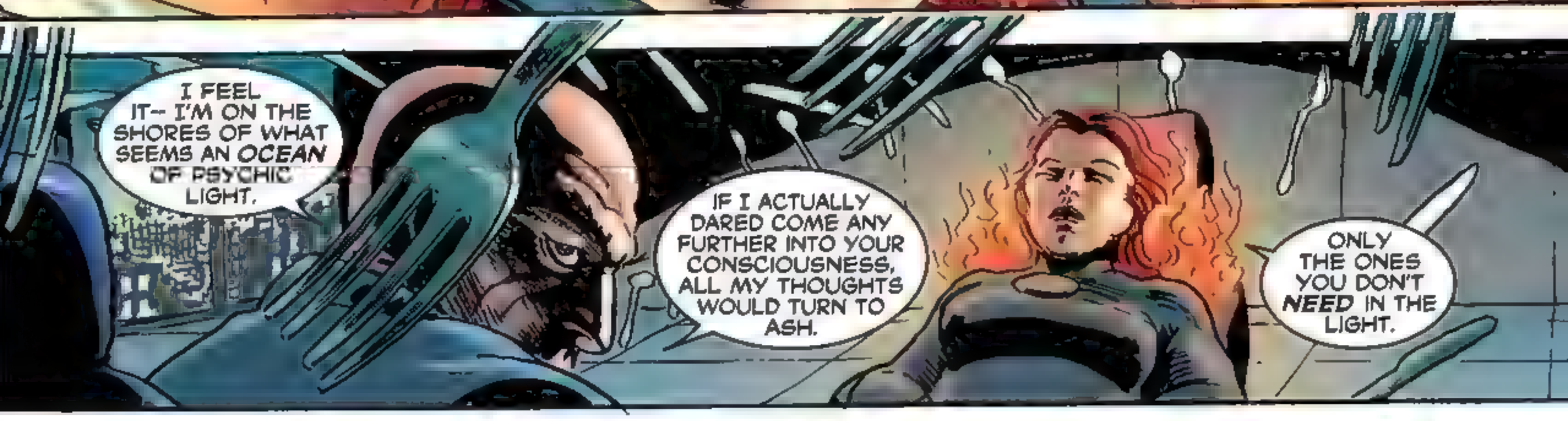
IT'S LIKE I'M SEEING MORE OF EVERYTHING...
...BUT IT ALL MELTS TOGETHER. IT'S NOT JUST SIGHT OR SOUND...
...IT'S ALL OF MY SENSES AT ONCE, SORT OF RIPPLING OUT THROUGH MY SURROUNDINGS...
WHAT'S THIS?
YOU THINK I'M NUTS, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE I DON'T, JEAN. I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR YEARS.
THIS IS SIMPLY AN EXPERIMENT I DEVISED, USING THE VERY EXPENSIVE DINING SET SOMEONE ORDERED FOR THE STAFF CANTEEN.
YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS DYING, YOU HELD MY CONSCIOUSNESS TOGETHER. OH, I LOST A FEW MEMORIES OF CERTAIN DAYS, CERTAIN YEARS... BUT...
...WHAT YOU DID WAS IMPOSSIBLE, JEAN. TO STORE A HUMAN MIND INTACT.
AND THEN TO SPLINTER AND HIDE IT IN A MILLION OTHER MINDS AND RECLAIM IT THE WAY YOU DID.
THAT SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE... EVEN FOR AN OMEGA LEVEL MUTANT LIKE YOU.
IF I CAN THINK IT, IT'S POSSIBLE.
TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF, CHARLES.
I'M READY.

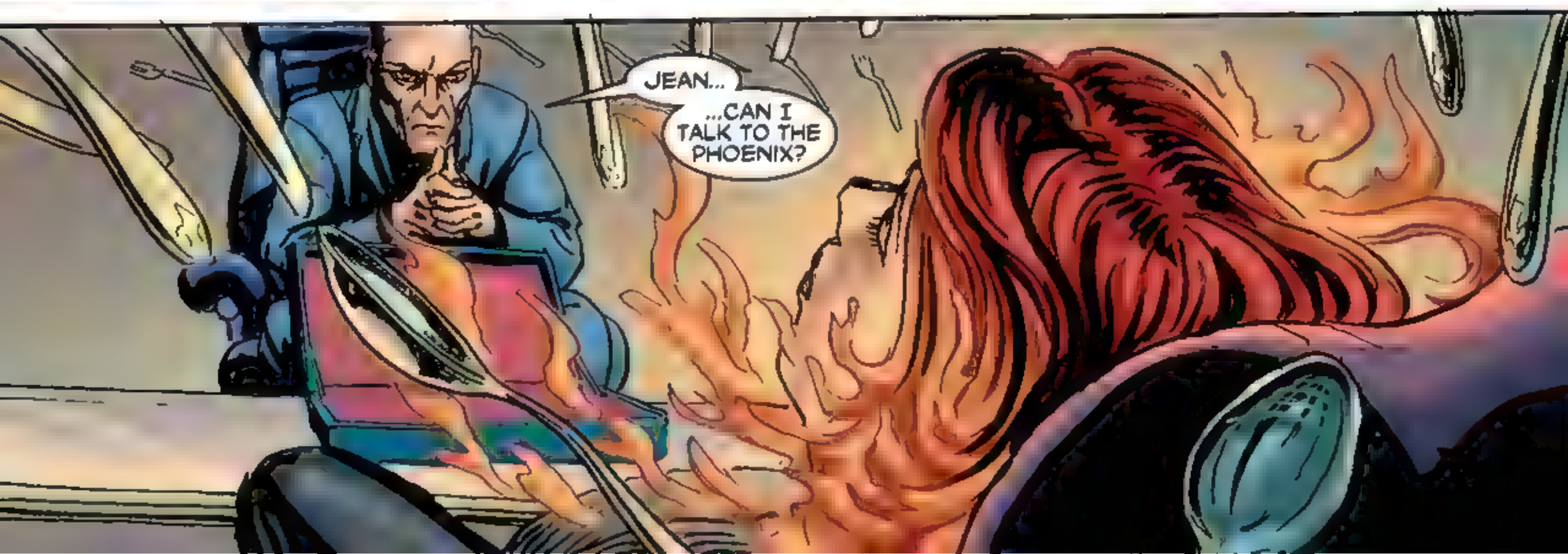
OKAY.
THIS IS THE BEGINNER TELEKINESIS.
EVEN SO, THERE ARE DOZENS OF MOVING PARTS HERE.
YOUR MIND'S ABILITY TO PRECISELY OPERATE MATTER EXTENDS FAR BEYOND YOUR PHYSICAL BODY AND DEEPLY INTO YOUR ENVIRONMENT.
BUT...
...I THINK THERE COULD BE MORE TO IT.
MORE WHAT?
TELL ME SOMETHING, JEAN...
...CAN YOU FEEL THIS?
YES.
I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DO THAT.


OH, MY GOD.
I CAN FEEL YOUR PULSE THROUGH THE STAINLESS STEEL.
JEAN...
...TELEKINETIC SENSITIVITY THIS EXTREME IS KNOWN AS *"THE MANIFESTATION OF THE PHOENIX"* BY NEURO-MYSTICAL SURGEONS OF THE SHI'AR SPACE EMPIRE.


THE X-MEN UNDERWENT GREAT TRIALS AND LOSS DURING A *PREVIOUS* ROGUE PHOENIX MANIFESTATION ON THIS PLANET.
PEOPLE *DIED.*
NO ONE WANTS ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO HAPPEN *AGAIN,* JEAN.


I KNOW.
IT'S NOTHING *LIKE* THAT. HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? IT'S...
...IT'S NOT WORDS-- IT'S MORE LIKE *COLORS* ON FIRE, BURNING IN EVERY DIRECTION.


I FEEL IT-- I'M ON THE SHORES OF WHAT SEEMS AN *OCEAN* OF PSYCHIC LIGHT.
IF I ACTUALLY DARED COME ANY FURTHER INTO YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS, ALL MY THOUGHTS WOULD TURN TO ASH.
ONLY THE ONES YOU DON'T *NEED* IN THE LIGHT.


JEAN...
...CAN I TALK TO THE PHOENIX?

JEAN IS ONLY THE HOUSE WHERE I LIVE, CHARLES.

I AM BORN AND CONSUMED IN BLOOD AND FLAME AND SACRIFICE.

AND RETURN.

ALWAYS COMING BACK.

JEAN...

...WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE? ARE THESE WORDS FROM THE FUTURE?

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

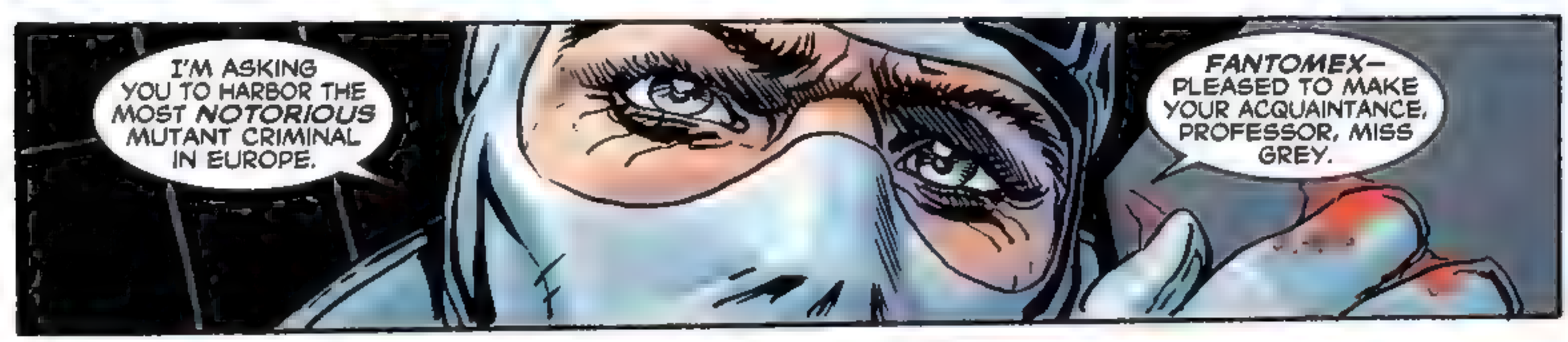
IT'S NOT A PLACE. IT'S HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE LAST HOPE... AND TO KNOW YOU'LL WIN AGAINST ALL THE ODDS.

IT'S THE WING OF THE *PHOENIX* TOUCHING YOUR HEART WITH FLAME...

WHAT'S IT *DOING* THERE?
MY APOLOGIES.
I'M AFRAID IT'S *ME* THEY WANT.

?

I CAN READ YOUR BODY LANGUAGE, SO I *KNOW* THAT YOU'RE WONDERING *HOW* I GOT IN AND *WHY* YOU ONLY SEE WHITE ROSES WHEN YOU TRY TO LOOK INTO MY MIND.
THOUGHT-PROOFED CERAMIC PANELS.
I HEARD YOUR SPEECH ON TV AND DECIDED TO PUT YOU IN A MORALLY COMPROMISING POSITION.


I'M ASKING YOU TO HARBOR THE MOST *NOTORIOUS* MUTANT CRIMINAL IN EUROPE.
FANTOMEX— PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, PROFESSOR, MISS GREY.

I WANT WHAT IT SAYS ON THE TIN.
I'M A MUTANT.
I DEMAND *SANCTUARY*.

I WISH I'D NEVER EATEN THAT $%@#%@ SANDWICH...
SO DOES EVERYBODY WHO WENT OUT WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA IN DOWNTOWN BEAUVAIS.
MADROX! WAS THAT REALLY YOU TRYING TO SING "JUSTIFY MY LOVE"?

THAT WAS ABOUT THE MOST PERVERTED THING I EVER HEARD, WEIRDO THAT YEH ARE!
I'LL TAKE THAT QUAVERING VOICE TO MY TOMB WITH ME.
HEY, AND I HOPE EVERYBODY NOTICED HE WAS HARMONIZING.
THAT KIND OF PERFORMANCE TAKES LOTS OF LOOONG PRACTICE SESSIONS ALONE AT HOME.

I'M MADROX THE MULTIPLE MAN, YA DOUGHBALL.
I'M NEVER ALONE WITH MYSELF!
SO DID YOU EVER HAVE AN ORGY WITH JUST YOURSELF, JAMIE? I'M SEEING TEN OF YOU WRITHING ON SILK SHEETS...
RESPECT.
WUHH.
CONVERSATION STOP.

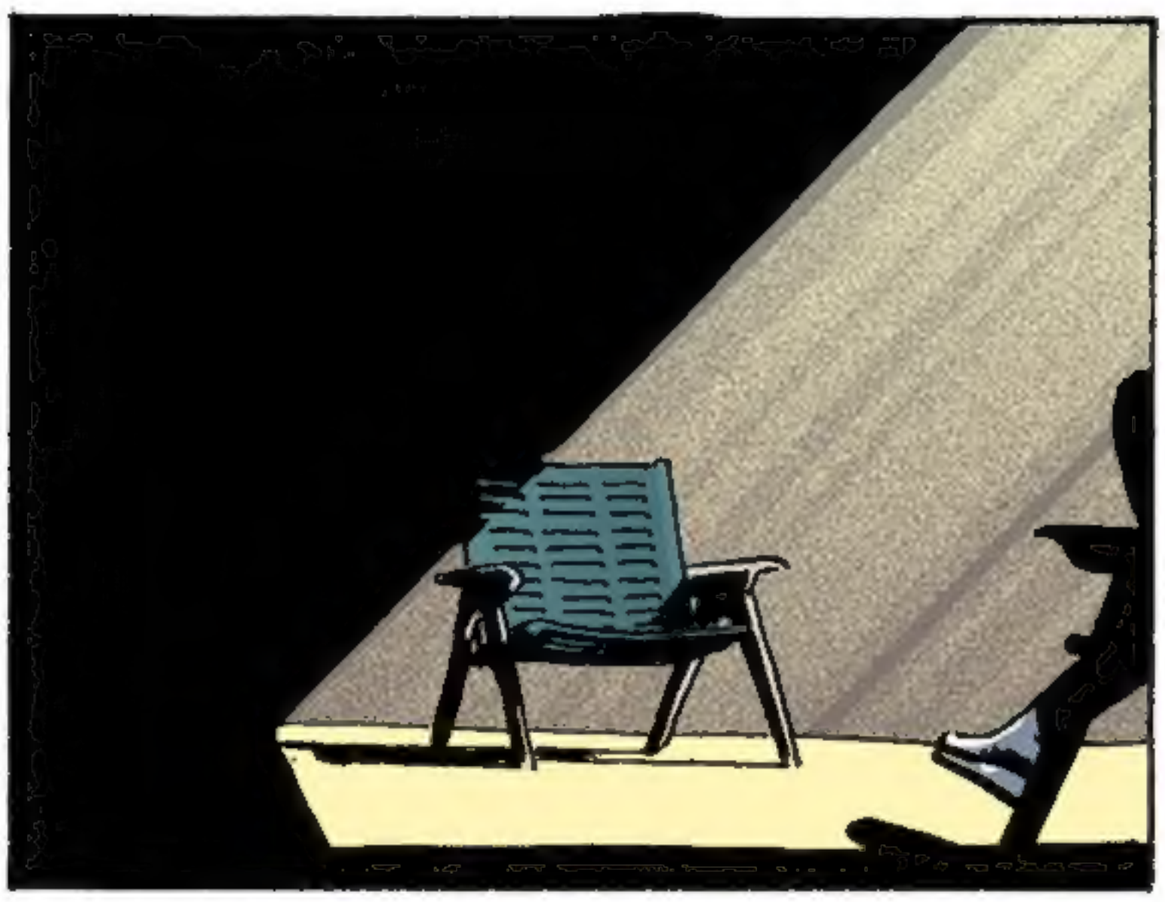
I'M JUST INTERESTED IN THE SEXUAL HABITS OF MADROX, THE MULTIPLE MAN.
DON'T TRY TO TELL ME YEH'RE NOT, MONET, YEH DIRTY OUL SLAG!
UM... SO, WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE TUNNEL?
LOOKS LIKE NOTHING TO ME. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE...
LISTEN, DID YOU REALLY THROW UP OVER BEAUVAIS...?

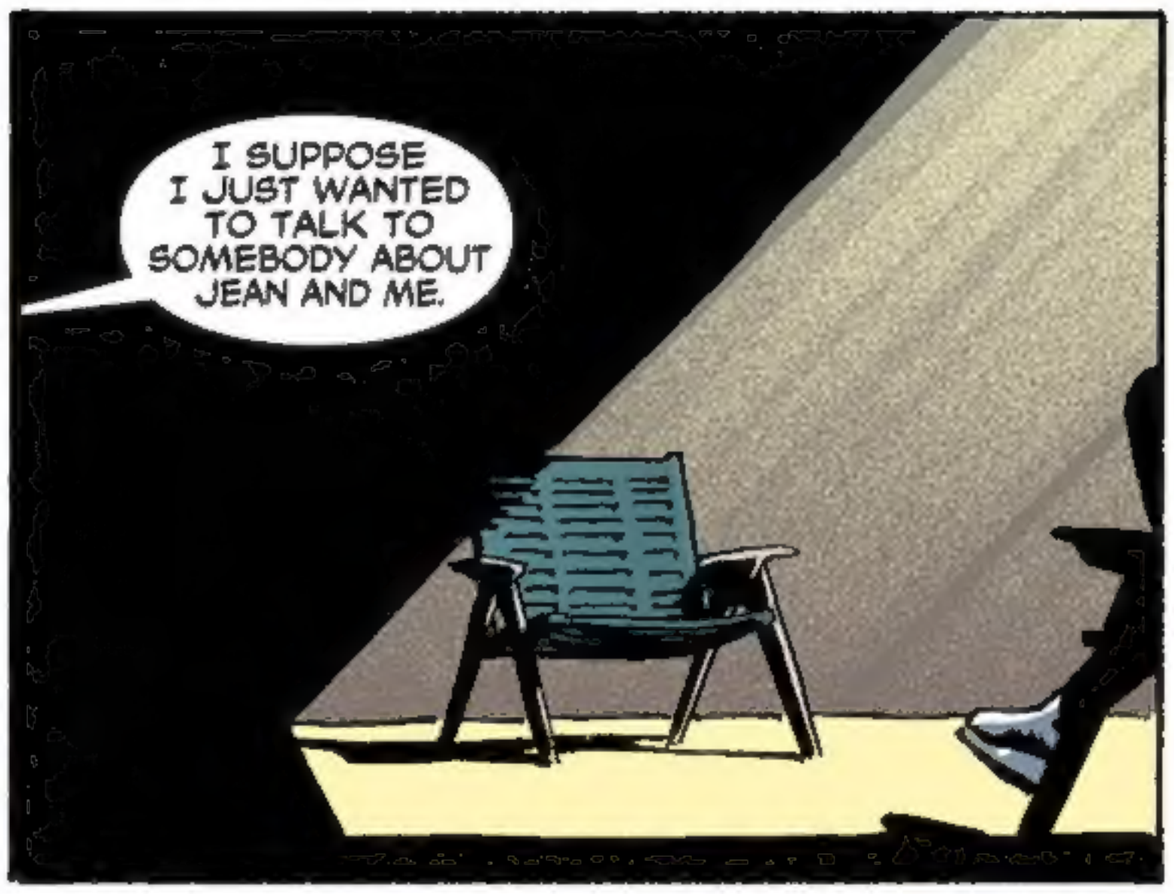
THEY'RE SURROUNDING US.

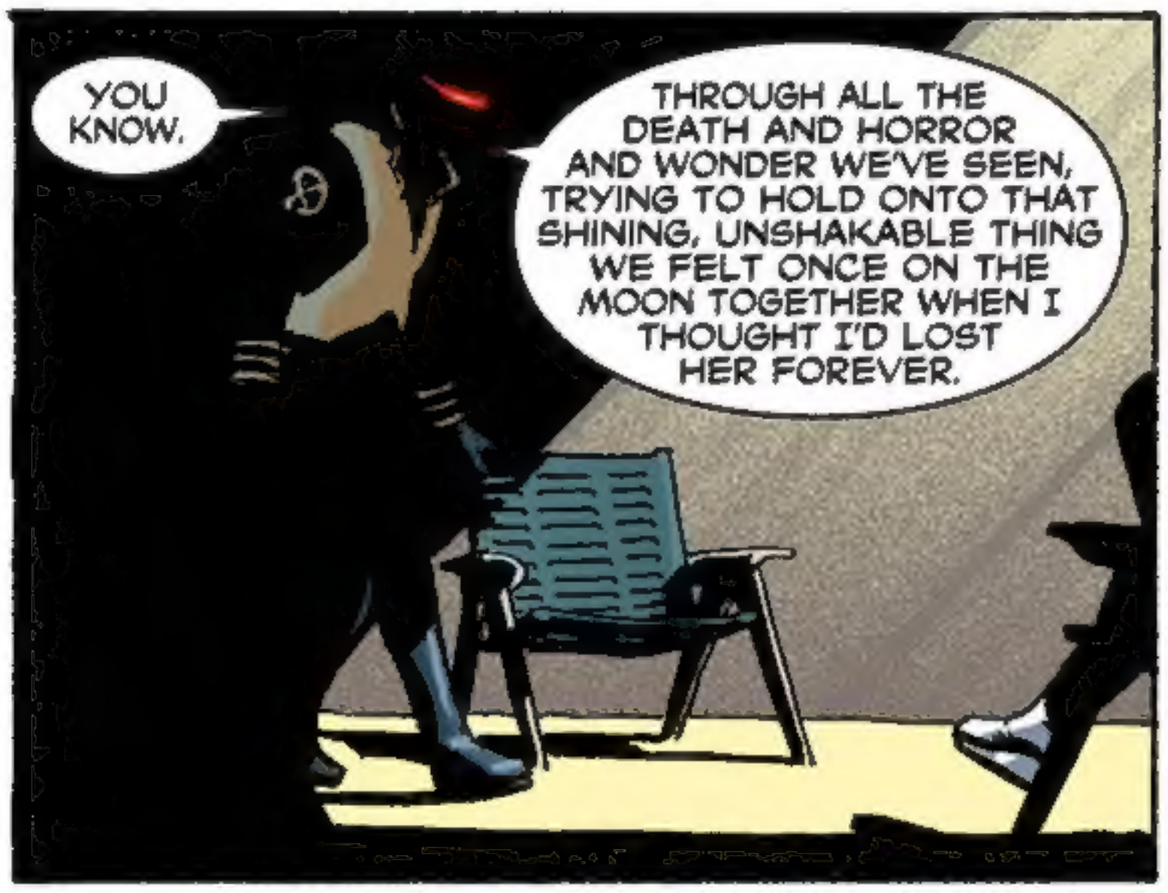
THEY HAVE ORDERS TO BRING HIM IN AT ANY COST.
THEY'RE TERRIFIED OF HIM BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HE CAN DO.

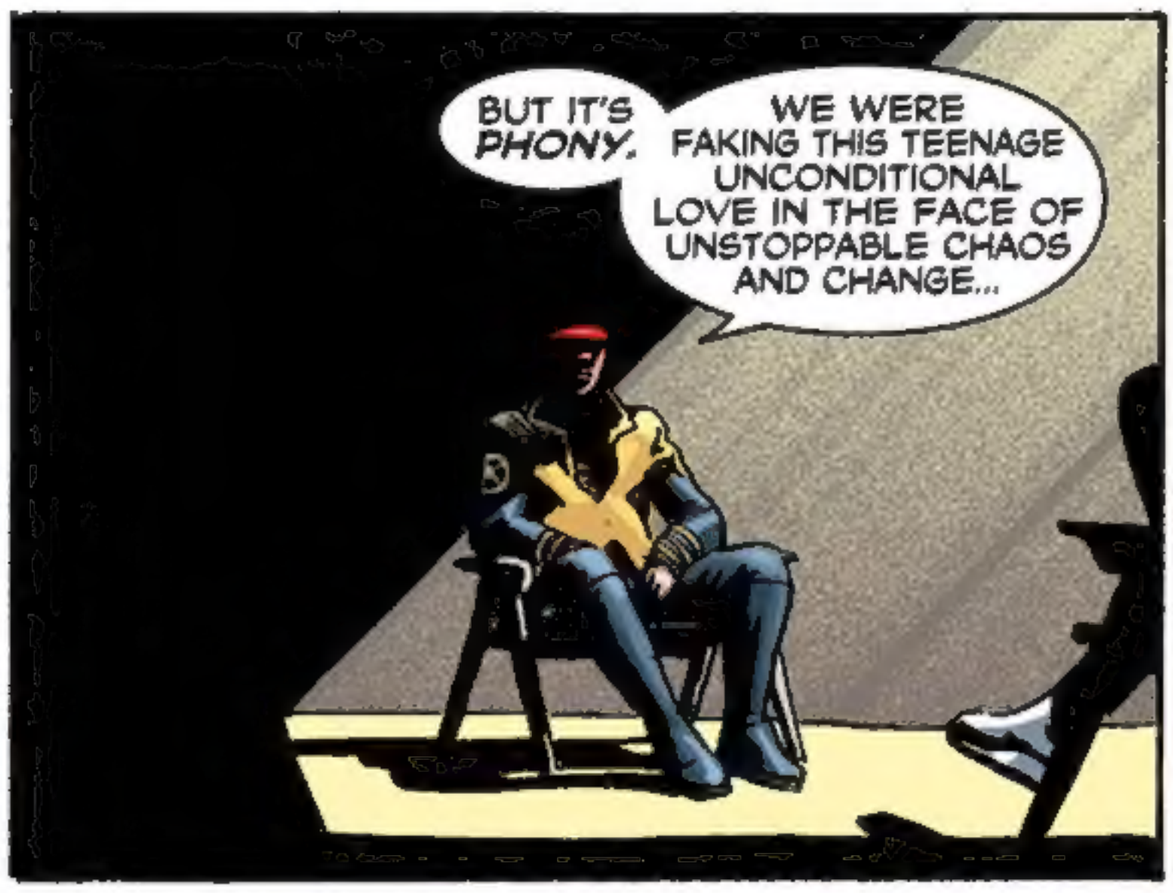
I'M A THIEF— I STOLE SOMETHING I SHOULDN'T HAVE.
AND SOMETHING BIG AND BAD GOT LOOSE IN THE TRAIN-WRECK-- THEY CALL IT WEAPON XII.
YOUR EMERGENCY TEAM IS PROBABLY ALREADY DEAD.

FALL BACK!
FALL BACK!
HUNDREDS OF THEM!
DON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU!
DON'T LET THEM TOUCH--




I SUPPOSE I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT JEAN AND ME.


YOU KNOW.
THROUGH ALL THE DEATH AND HORROR AND WONDER WE'VE SEEN, TRYING TO HOLD ONTO THAT SHINING, UNSHAKABLE THING WE FELT ONCE ON THE MOON TOGETHER WHEN I THOUGHT I'D LOST HER FOREVER.


BUT IT'S PHONY.
WE WERE FAKING THIS TEENAGE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE IN THE FACE OF UNSTOPPABLE CHAOS AND CHANGE...

...AND... OUR LIVES SEEM SO STRAIGHT AND SAFE NOW.
I MEAN, SHE RAN AROUND IN A CORSET FOR EVERYONE... BUT WITH ME IT'S SENSIBLE SHOES AND ROLLNECKS.
I DON'T KNOW.

I LOVE JEAN. I LOVE HER MORE THAN MY OWN LIFE, BUT...
...I'M NOT WHO I WAS AND I CAN'T SEEM TO TELL HER WHO I AM... IN CASE SHE HATES WHAT I'VE BECOME.

I CAN SAVE THE WORLD A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE BREAKFAST BUT I CAN'T TALK TO MY WIFE ABOUT THE STUFF THAT MATTERS MOST.
AND I GUESS...

...I GUESS I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP.
WELL...
...YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING RATHER A LOT BOTTLED UP, HAVEN'T YOU?

TO BE CONTINUED!